

MARY HARTMAN,
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EPISODE #43

Written by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY	LOUISE LASSER
TOM	GREG MULLAVEY
LORETTA	MARY KAY PLACE
CHARLIE	GRAHAM JARVIS
GEORGE	PHIL BRUNS
MARTHA	DODY GOODMAN
BLANCHE FEDDERS	REVA ROSE
MAE OLINSKI	SALOME JENS
REVEREND BURYFIELD	
MIKE OLINSKI	
MORTICIAN	
BARTENDER	

SETS

<u>ACT I</u> (Pg. 1)	<u>MARY'S LIVING ROOM, DAY</u> (Mary, Tom, Blanche, George, Martha, Charlie, Loretta, Mortician, Reverend Buryfield)
<u>ACT II</u> (Pg. 8)	<u>SECTION PLANT</u> (George, Tom, Mae)
<u>ACT III</u> (Pg. 17)	<u>MARY'S KITCHEN, LATER</u> (Mary and Tom)
<u>ACT IV</u> (Pg. 21)	<u>CAPRI LOUNGE, NIGHT</u> (Tom, Mary, Mae, Mike Olinski, Bartender)

ACT ONEMARY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A LECTURN, FLOWERS, AND BLANCHE,
MARY, TOM. PERHAPS A BLOWN-UP
PHOTO OF LEROY BEHIND THE LECTURN.
APPROPRIATE MUSIC ON PHONOGRAPH.

MARY

You'll be fine.

BLANCHE

I know. And thanks, Mary, for offering
to have the service in your house.

MARY

It was the least I could do. Did you
take a calmative?

BLANCHE

I don't need one.

MARY

I should have taken a calmative.

MORTICIAN

(APPEARING) Mrs. Fedders -- the Reverend
is on his way. He should be here any
minute.

BLANCHE

Well, I think we should wait 'til a few
more people get here, anyway.

THE MORTICIAN NODS.

GEORGE AND MARTHA COME IN, MARTHA
CRYING.

MARTHA

Oh, Blanche, you poor thing. So young,
so terribly young.

BLANCHE

Thank you, Martha.

MARTHA

So young...

MARY

Mom, sit down.

GEORGE

My condolences...

BLANCHE

George... (A NOD)

MARTHA

Where is he?

MARY

He was cremated, Ma. Blanche decided at
the last minute. It was cheaper.

CHARLIE ENTERS, WHEELING LORETTA.

LORETTA

I'm so sorry we're late.

CHARLIE

My most heartfelt grief, Blanche... I
mean that sincerely.

BLANCHE

I know you do.

LORETTA

(TO MARY) I would have been on time but
I got to readin' about President Kennedy
and that girl --

MARY

Not now, Loretta.

LORETTA

It was in the White House that it was
supposed to happen. And I kept thinkin'
would you have snuck in the White House
if you'd had the chance?

MARY

I don't know. I mean, even if Tom was
President -- in the White House??

GEORGE

Girls, please --

MARY

He's right.

BLANCHE

I just don't understand where all the
boys from Leroy's teams could be? They
knew the time. (SUDDENLY CRYING) That's
how much people care about you when you
never win a game.

MORTICIAN

(COMING IN FROM KITCHEN) Mrs. Fedders,
the Reverend is here.

(MORE)

MORTICIAN (CONT'D)

He asked if we could start. You see he's
do at a christening in just a little
over forty-five minutes --

BLANCHE

(NODDING) Okay.

THE MORTICIAN GOES.

BLANCHE (CONT'D)

I guess after the service, it'll only
take two cars to get us all to the
cemetery.

MARY

We could spread it out to three if it
would make you feel better.

BLANCHE

No, that's all right.

THE REVEREND HAS MOVED TO THE
LECTERN.

REVEREND

Good morning, Blanche... (LOOKING AT
LORETTA OR MARY)

MARY

(POINTING, SOTTO VOCE) No, Blanche...

REVEREND

And friends of a man whose passing we
mark here today, Coach Lonny Fedders.

BLANCHE

Leroy.

REVEREND

Who I think was one of the more colorful characters here in our town of Fernwood, someone known and beloved by all. I'd just like to take a few minutes this morning... (GLANCING AT HIS WATCH)... to share a couple of my memories of Lonny.

MARY

Leroy.

BLANCHE

It's all right.

REVEREND

As they sometimes said in the Inter-Valley League (SMILING) He wasn't the winningest coach, but that losing scowl on his face told us more about what Lonnie Fedders was made of than anything. I know because my own son, who was flunked in P.E. year after year by Coach Fedders, had some colorful things to say about the man. And there's someone else who would like to say a few words in respect of Leroy Fedders -- Mrs. Mary Hartman.

MARY

(STANDING, PLACING HER FINGERS TOGETHER)
Thank you, Reverend Buryfield, for that lovely introduction.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

And good morning to all you relatives, mourners, and friends of the departed. I knew Leroy Fedders and found him a very nice man who, in spite of his bitter temper, came through to all who knew him. I want to say to him now -- Leroy, wherever you are -- we will miss you. Rest assured of that. And -- rest assured, anyway. (SHE CURTSIES AND SITS DOWN)

REVEREND

Thank you, Mrs. Hartman, for those -- words. I would like to conclude now with some lines from 1st Corinthians, Chapter 2. These are for you, Blanche. "For if the woman be not covered, let her also be shorn: but if it be a shame for a woman to be shorn or shaven, let her be covered. For the man is not of the woman; but the woman of the man. Nevertheless, neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord". I know you'll want to think on these words in your time of trial, for all this is part of the fabric of God's life, and not to be turned away from.

(MORE)

REVEREND (CONT'D)

For if we turn away from the fabric and
the plan, where are we facing? (BEAT)
Where? And now I believe there will be
a musical selection...

STEPPING ASIDE AS LORETTA
WHEELS FORWARD.

LORETTA

I was going to sing Rock of Ages or
perhaps the Fernwood High Alma Mater...
but in answering a special request from
the Widow Fedders, I would like to sing,
a capella, one of her late husband's
very favorites.

AND HERE LORETTA LAUNCHES INTO
FLY ME TO THE MOON FOR EIGHT
OR SO BARS.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWOSECTION PLANT - AFTERNOON

GEORGE, AT A TABLE IN A FUNK, A PAPER CUP OF COFFEE IN FRONT OF HIM. TOM AT THE COFFEE MACHINE, FILLS UP AND JOINS HIM.

TOM

Some union we got. I'm getting docked a half day for going to Leroy's funeral! They got no heart; just because the guy wasn't a relative.

GEORGE

They got their rules! (HE GLOWERS INTO HIS COFFEE)

TOM

You're sure in a foul mood.

GEORGE

What kind of a mood do you expect me to be in? I went to that funeral too, you know.

TOM

That's not what's bothering you.

GEORGE

Yeah, what's bothering me?

TOM

Joe Sweeney.

GEORGE

(FEAR) What about him? What do you know?

TOM

Nothing much.

GEORGE

Yeah, well, it's a lie!

TOM

Hey, simmer down.

GEORGE

I suppose he didn't say anything.

TOM

No -- he just showed me some pictures.

GEORGE

It was a lousy, dirty trick. A frame-up.

TOM

(TEASING) I thought you looked pretty good.

GEORGE

It ain't nothing to joke about.

TOM

Come on, George, how come you're so uptight? So you had a little fun at a union bash.

GEORGE

Don't sit there like you don't know what this is all about. They don't want me running for union office.

TOM

I thought it was just a joke.

GEORGE

Some joke. Throwing rocks through the window, blackmail!

TOM

Who do you suppose is behind it?

GEORGE

The union and plant management. I can feel it from the way all those guys look at me. The only thing I can't figure is -- why?

TOM

Maybe it's me.

GEORGE

You?

TOM

Well, I'm the one's always complaining about conditions. I hate the demerit system, I can't stand doing the same jerky thing every thirty-two seconds, eight hours a day.

GEORGE

Yeah -- and you know what your trouble is? You don't understand -- a job's a job. You're not supposed to like it!

TOM

Why? Why the hell can't a man look forward to coming to work? Why can't he be treated with respect, have something to say about his working codditions?

GEORGE

Because he's a worker! You got the bosses and you got the workers. That's our system. What you're talking is... is -- look, if you don't like it here, why don't you go back where you came from?

TOM

Evanston?

GEORGE

Aw!! You been talking like this around the plant?

TOM

Hell, yes. Everybody knows where I stand. That's why they can't wait to gig me all the time.

GEORGE

You're right then. The union don't want me on the board 'cause of my relation to you.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Oh, boy! Ain't that something! My whole life fouled up by one bad apple of a son-in-law!!

TOM

Course there's another way to look at it, George. If you're half the man you pretend you are -- you can shove that bad apple down their throats. It's still your buddies who do the voting.

GEORGE

(THINKING) Yeah... (THEN GETTING BACK)

And I am half the man I think I am!

TOM

Yeah?

GEORGE

You better believe it! I ain't chickening out no matter who Sweeney shows them pictures to. (WORRIED) Only it better not be Martha. And don't you tell anybody either!!

MAE

Hi, George.

GEORGE EXITS.

MAE (CONT'D)

What's he all steamed up about?

TOM

The union elections.

MAE

Oh.

SHE GOES TO THE COFFEE MACHINE AS
TOM WATCHES HER.

TOM

Hey, did Mary reach you? She wants to
talk to you.

MAE

(REJOINING HIM) What about?

TOM

Are you busy tonight?

MAE

(SHOCKED) Oh, Tom, we can't start it
again.

TOM

Oh no -- it's not that. I just want you
to have a drink with me -- with us.
Mary and me.

MAE

A drink?

TOM

At the Capri.

MAE

A drink with Mary and you?

TOM

Maybe Mary should explain it.

MAE

(A LIGHT GOING ON) Oh, I bet I know what
it is.

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)

It's got something to do with what you were talking about a couple of days ago.

TOM

Well...

MAE

That day you were so mysterious and asked me to stick around Fernwood, right?

TOM

Sort of, yeah.

MAE

Tom, what is it? Tell me, I can't stand secrets.

TOM

I don't want to spoil it for you, Mae.

MAE

Please, Tom, please! What's going to happen at the Capri tonight? What? Come on.

TOM

Okay, okay. It's this idea Mary has. Look, let me ask you a question. How do you feel about your ex-husbands?

MAE

Larry and Mike? I don't know what they have to do with anything, but well, forget Larry.

(MORE)

MAE (CONT'D)

He's not worth talking about. As for Mike -- (SMILING AT HIS MEMORY) We just didn't get along. (A SAD LAUGH) We fought all the time. It was so silly. About the dumbest things. He had this favorite chair... (SIGH) But why go into it?

TOM

But you didn't hate him?

MAE

(BEGINNING TO PUT IT TOGETHER) Tom, why are you asking about him? What's Mary done?

TOM

She's got this idea that you guys are still in love with each other.

MAE

And... ?

TOM

And she got in touch with him.

MAE

(GETTING EXCITED) He's going to be there? At the Capri? Tonight?

TOM

If you want to call it off...

MAE

He agreed to come?

TOM

Well, yeah. Mary talked to him and...

MAE

(TREMULOUS) He wants to see me?

TOM

That's why he's coming.

MAE

Oh, Tom, I can't believe it. After that last fight we had... and then I haven't seen him for two years. He really wants to see me? What am I going to wear?

What time? Oh, Tom -- I'm so excited.

AND SHE HUGS HIM IMPULSIVELY.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREEMARY'S KITCHEN - LATER

MARY IS MAKING DINNER. TOM ENTERS, HOME FROM WORK.

TOM

Hi, honey.

MARY

You spoiled everything.

TOM

What kind of a thing is that to say?

I mean, a guy comes home from work and gets hit with that.

MARY

I'm sorry, dear. Hello, how are you?

Did you have a good day? (SHE GETS A BEER FROM THE FRIDGE) Here's your beer.

Why'd you do it, Tom?

TOM

What? What'd I do?

MARY

You told her.

TOM

I didn't tell her. Don't blame it on me.

MARY

I called and she said you'd told her all about it.

TOM

Oh, you mean Mae. Of course I told her. I thought you were talking about the pictures.

MARY

What pictures, Tom?

TOM

It's nothing. It's not important. And the reason I told Mae about Mike is because she forced it out of me.

MARY

But now she won't be surprised.

TOM

It's better this way.

MARY

You really think so?

TOM

Sure. This way we know they both want to see each other again. You know I wasn't so sure it was a good idea, but you should have seen Mae, she's really excited. (HE GIVES MARY A KISS) You're something else, you know that?

MARY

Well, if I can make people happy, it makes me happy.

TOM

You mean, otherwise you're not happy?
Heather and me and this house aren't
enough for you any more?

MARY

Tom, I love Heather and you and this
house.

TOM

Well, you don't act like it.

MARY

Tom... what's gotten into you?

TOM

It's not in me. It's in you -- all you
talk about any more is getting people
together and getting a job and new
beginnings...

MARY

Tom -- I didn't say a word.

TOM

Well, you're thinking it!

MARY

I'm sorry. Really. I don't want to upset
you. Would you rather not go to the Capri
with Mae tonight? We really don't have to
now that she knows what it's about. I'll
call her up and tell her we're not going.

SHE CROSSES TO THE PHONE.

TOM

That's okay, I'll go.

MARY

I just thought it would be a nice thing
getting the two of them back together.

TOM

I said I'd go.

MARY

I mean, it worked so well with Roberta
and Foley.

TOM

I'm going! I'm going!

MARY

Alright, Tom. If you're sure that's
what you want to do.

SHE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE.

FADE OUT

ACT FOURCAPRI LOUNGE - NIGHT

NOT A BUSY NIGHT. TOM, MARY AND MAE
ARE IN A BOOTH, WITH DRINKS.

MAE

I'm just so nervous. I feel like a high
school kid on a blind date. Do you think
he'll show up?

MARY

Of course he will.

MAE

How do I look, Mary? Is this dress okay?
I mean, does it show too much? Does it
show enough?

MARY

It's fine, Mae. You look terrific.
Doesn't she look terrific, Tom?

TOM

Yeah. Terrific, Mae.

MARY

Maybe I should wear dresses like that.
(SHE FUMBLES WITH HER NECKLINE) What
d'you think, Tom? Do you think I should
wear dresses that show more?

MAE

You know, I never dreamed Mike would want to see me again, or that I'd want to see him, for that matter.

TOM

It's been over two years since you got divorced, right?

MAE

Right. Oh, I'm just so glad you're both with me. I couldn't have faced seeing him alone. Not after all this time. Do I really look alright? Too much makeup? Not enough? Is it smeared?

SHE GLANCES TOWARD THE DOOR AND FREEZES. MARY AND TOM FOLLOW HER FROZEN GAZE.

ANGLE ON DOOR, AS MIKE, A BIG, HANDSOME BRUTE, WHO HAS JUST ENTERED, SPOTS MAE AND FREEZES. LET'S HEAR SOME VERY DRAMATIC AND ROMANTIC MUSIC SWELL UP AT THIS POINT AND CARRY UNDER MOST OF THE SCENE. AFTER A BEAT, MIKE SMILES AND COMES TOWARD THEM.

MIKE

Mae...

MAE

Mike...

MIKE

(ANOTHER COLOR) Mae...

MAE

(DITTO) Mike...

MARY

(POINTING TO HERSELF) Mary... (POINTING
TO TOM) Tom.

MAE

(COMING TO) I don't know where my manners
are. Mike, these are my very dear friends,
Mary and Tom Hartman.

MIKE

(SHAKING HANDS WITH TOM) Pleased to
meet you. (TO MARY) You're the one
who called me?

MARY

That's right. (SHE MAKES ROOM IN THE
BOOTH) Would you like to sit down?

MIKE

Well, I'd kind of like to talk to Mae.
(TO MAE) Can I buy you a drink at the
bar?

MAE

Sure.

MIKE

Will you excuse us, folks?

TOM

You bet.

MAE, SMILING INTO MIKE'S EYES, GOES
TO THE BAR WITH HIM.

MARY

Did you see the way they looked at each
other? Oh Tom, I feel like crying.

TOM

Maybe we should get out of here.

MARY

Oh, let's stay. At least 'til I finish
my drink.

ANGLE ON MAE AND MIKE AT THE BAR AS
THEY WAIT FOR THEIR DRINKS.

MIKE

You're looking good, Mae.

MAE

You don't look so bad yourself.

MIKE

So, how have you been?

MAE

I can't complain. And you?

MIKE

Pretty good. It's been a long time, Mae.

MAE

A very long time.

THE BARTENDER BRINGS THEIR DRINKS.
A WELCOME INTERRUPTION IN THIS
FASCINATING REUNION. MIKE PICKS UP
HIS DRINK.

MIKE

Here's to us, Mae.

MAE

I'll drink to that.

THEY DO.

MIKE

I was really surprised to hear from that
friend of yours.

MAE

Mary Hartman.

MIKE

Mary Hartman.

MAE

She's a wonderful person, Mike.

ANGLE ON MARY AND TOM OUT OF EARSHOT
BUT WATCHING AND BEAMING.

MIKE

When she called she... er... said you
wanted to settle things.

BACK TO SCENE.

MAE

I do, Mike, I really do. I just didn't
think it would be possible.

MIKE

Why not?

MAE

Well, you know how things were with us
-- always scrapping and fighting.

MIKE

I never wanted it that way.

MAE

Neither did I.

MIKE

I'm really glad you want to settle things,
Mae. Finally.

MAE

(STILL SMILING) What do you mean? Finally?

MIKE

I mean I want my Barker-lounger.

MAE

Your what?

MIKE

My chair. My favorite chair. It's the only thing I asked for when we broke up the apartment. I didn't care about the other stuff, even though half of it's mine by rights.

MAE

Rights? Mike, you don't have any rights to my furniture. It was already there when you moved in.

MIKE

Sure, but we were married, weren't we? So by rights, half of everything you owned was mine. Just like half of what I owned was yours.

MAE

All you brought to our marriage was a stack of old Penthouse magazines and a lousy temper.

MIKE

I brought plenty, kiddo. I brought my earning capacity. I worked my butt off for you.

MAE

Until you lost your job because of
your drinking problem. Then I had to
support you.

MIKE

I don't have a drinking problem.

MAE

Oh ho!

MIKE

Don't oh ho me. I didn't drive all the
way from Dayton for you to oh-ho me.

MAE

Why did you come?

MIKE

I wish to hell I knew!

MAE

Mary said you wanted to see me, but all
you want is that broken-down Barker-
lounger.

MIKE

(KNOCKING HIS DRINK INTO HER LAP IN HIS
ANGER) It isn't broken down, it's broken
in, dammit!!

MAE

(JUMPING UP) Clumsy!! (SHE DELIBERATELY
SPILLS HER DRINK ON HIM) How do you like
that, you big ape?

MIKE

Why, you...

HE GRABS A GLASS OF WATER, THROWS IT IN HER FACE. SHE HITS OUT AT HIM, BUT HE WARDS OFF THE BLOWS AND TRIES TO STRANGLE HER. TOM RUSHES IN TO SEPARATE THEM. MARY PULLS UP, AN AGITATED BYSTANDER.

TOM

Hey, hey, hey, cut it out.

NOW THE THREE OF THEM STRUGGLE. MAE AND MIKE AD LIB ANGRY EPITHETS. TOM TRIES TO INTERVENE. HE FINALLY GETS THEM SEPARATED, PINNING MIKE'S ARMS BEHIND HIM. THIS FREES MAE, WHO FINDS A BOTTLE ON THE BAR AND COMES AT MIKE AGAIN.

MAE

Let him go, Tom, let him go. I can handle him.

TOM TURNS TO TALK HER OUT OF IT.

TOM

No, Mae, put it down.

MARY

Mae, what are you doing?

MIKE STRUGGLES FREE AND FINDS A WEAPON OF HIS OWN - A HEAVY ASHTRAY.

MIKE

Nobody calls me a big ape.

TOM TRIES TO HOLD EACH OF THEM OFF WITH ONE ARM, BUT HE'S NO MATCH FOR THEM.

TOM

(TO EACH OF THEM) Mike -- Mae, will you please cut this out??

UNFORTUNATELY TOM'S ARMS COLLAPSE AND THEY BOTH COME AT EACH OTHER, MISS THEIR PRIMARY TARGETS AND HIT TOM OVER THE HEAD BY MISTAKE. TOM FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

MARY

(IN SHOCK) First Leroy Fedders in my
soup. Now this. What am I?

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE #43